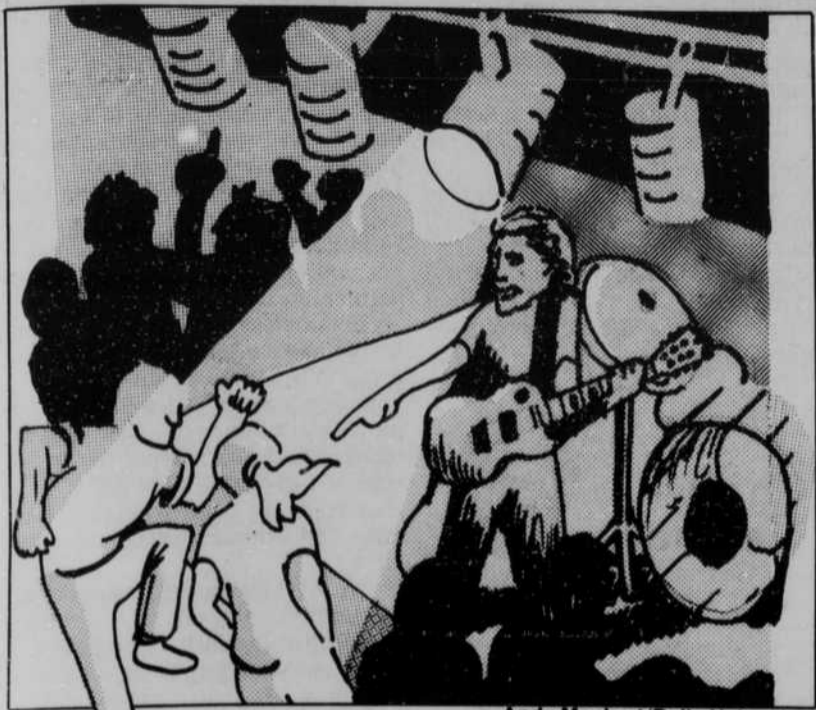


Arts & Entertainment



Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

Precautionz to play benefit dance Friday

By Micki Haller
Staff Reporter

A dance benefitting 43 human service agencies will be in the Nebraska Union's Grand Ballroom this Friday. The Precautionz, a local cover band, will play at the All-University Dance for Health and Human Services. The dance begins at 10 p.m. and lasts until 12:30 a.m.

Joelle Fallick, coordinator for the dance, said the proceeds from the dance will go to United Way, which supports 27 agencies in Lincoln and Lancaster County; the Combined Health Agencies Drive, which supports 12 Nebraska health agencies; and the Community Services Fund, which supports 4 agencies in Lincoln and Lancaster County.

Fallick's supervisor, Brenda McMahon, said the group printed 8,200 tickets — enough for all on campus residents.

McMahon said she only expects 400 to 500 people at the dance, but she hopes people buy tickets just in order to donate.

"We're an optimistic group," she said.

McMahon said they started planning for the event in mid-September.

The fund-raising event is the idea of Bryan Robertson, a UNL graduate and a volunteer with United Way, she said.

Touche Ross, an accounting firm in Lincoln, loaned Robertson to the United Way for six weeks, McMahon said.

At the end of six weeks, Robertson went back to his regular job, and "we kind of took over the process," she said.

"We've learned a lot since then," McMahon said.

Both McMahon and Fallick would like to see the dance become an annual event, they said, but McMahon said there would have to be more planning in the future.

McMahon said this year's lack of planning may not make the event as smooth as she would like, but "if we can get the room full, we'll be happy."

McMahon plans on spending \$860 for the band, advertising and the ballroom, but none of this money will come from the proceeds, she said.

Instead, the money comes from a special sponsors' fund that is specifically earmarked for fund-raising expenses, she said.

McMahon said the Harper-Schramm-Smith residence halls "saved the day" by agreeing to co-sponsor the dance. Otherwise, the organization would not have been able to use the ballroom, she said.

Although the residence halls will not receive money from the dance, McMahon said HSS would get to decide which organizations would get the funds from the dance.

Tickets, which cost \$3, are available at the Nebraska Union information desk, residence halls and from sorority and fraternity social chairs, Fallick said.

Low ticket sales cancel show

Sweet Honey in the Rock, a gospel style socially motivated singing group that was scheduled for Kimball Hall Saturday night, has canceled the show because of low ticket sales, said event organizer Donna Polk.

Polk, who is director of the counseling center at the multi-cultural center, said only 260 tickets were sold for the concert.

"We don't really have an explanation," Polk said, "other than the fact that people are not aware of them. They are well known nationally and internationally."

Polk said she probably will look for corporate or foundation support before attempting future endeavors of this sort.

Phillips' 'Husker Reggae' beats traditional fight song

By Bill Allen
Senior Editor

It's the time of year when young minds turn to football, and in Nebraska that means Cornhusker football.

And, as with any American tradition, American merchandising follows close behind.

Now, along with Big Red sweat-shirts, musical hats and the ever popular Big Red fake brick, the Paul Phillips Show offers "Husker Reggae," a reggae song about Big Red.

Record Review

"Husker Reggae" is a song about Nebraska women being the fairest, Nebraska men being the squarest and Big Red football being the best there is.

For some reason, you get the feeling the song will go over fairly well with Nebraskans.

The 2:21-minute song has a definite reggae beat — a somewhat generic reggae beat — which kind of lopes along behind Phillips' lyrics. It's a pleasant, entertaining song that Phillips hopes will appeal to the offbeat tastes in everyone — even the single-minded worship of the hard-core Big Red fan.

The song has been played on several local radio stations, first on KLDZ, and including KFRX and Omaha's KGOR.

Although Phillips wrote the song, he said, Bobby Curious played bass on the tape and "added some additional lyrics and creativity." Phillips said the song developed almost in retaliation to playing the Nebraska fight song too many times. He plays Thursday nights in the Brass Rail's beer garden, and before games people would invariably ask to hear the fight song, he said.

"I must have played the fight song about 30 times," he said. "I did the country version, the rock version, then one night I said how about some reggae."

The crowd liked the ad-lib reggae, he said, and eventually he worked it into a song.

"It's a sort of novelty," Phillips said. "You certainly don't expect to hear reggae associated with Nebraska."

But the Paul Phillips Show does more than just one song.

Also on this tape is a song called "Going Out," which Phillips said is more representative of what he usually does.

The song is fairly country influenced, a sort of honky tonk be-bop sound, and very easy listening. It is the kind of song that goes over well to a KHAT type audience, and in bars and Holiday Inn lounges across America. That's not meant as an insult, although those people



Dave Hansen/Daily Nebraskan

Paul Phillips

interested in punk/thrash/hardcore or whatever you call it might take it that way.

Phillips has a strong, controlled voice that sounds well on "Going Out," and a number of cover songs along the lines of Jimmy Buffett, James Taylor, Gordon Lightfoot and other easy-listening greats.

Phillips does a good job of entertaining a crowd with his voice and guitar, and is thinking of putting together a tape of some of his other songs.

Phillips is selling the two-song "Husker Reggae" tapes, where he

can, for \$3. "I can't sell them on campus," he said, "and getting onto the market area around the stadium on game days is hard."

The tape is available at both Dirt Cheap and Pickles record stores.

Phillips is still available in the Brass Rail beer garden on Thursday nights. He said he is talking to management at Oscar's about possibly playing there once it gets too cold for the beer garden.

He has opened in Lincoln for several national acts, including Dave Mason, Pure Prairie League, B.T.O. and the Romantics.

New movie funny but fails to entertain

By Charles Lieurance
Senior Editor

"Like Father, Like Son," the newest mindless "soma" from Hollywood Hills, is sort of a cross between Carlos Castaneda and a "Bewitched" episode.

Movie Review

sode. One keeps expecting one of the two lead characters — Dudley Moore as Dr. Jack Hammond, or Kirk Cameron as his son, Chris — to yell out "Calling Dr. Bombay!" at any

moment. Not that there isn't entertainment to be had here. A big budget and two competent stars manage to keep the little "Freaky Friday" plot excruciating enough that sitting through this with a cynical straight face, the desired reaction, is impossible.

The basic plot is simply Moore and Cameron accidentally switch bodies thanks to an old Indian potion.

For the lack of coherent thought that went into this movie, it's too bad it held my attention long enough to quell my initial desire to leave the theater an hour and 15 minutes early. But it did. That's to someone's credit, but I'm not sure whose.

Let's see, could it be that the director did his job. That'd be a "no" — unless you consider adequate direction as having your characters mug it up like trained apes. The guy belongs in the zany world of sitcoms.

Could it be that Moore and Cameron are superior actors? Doubtful. Moore is really only good at playing drunk, brow-beaten yuppies and, until he and his on-screen son exchange their lack of personalities, it seemed as if we were going to have to watch him "act." Thank God that wasn't necessary. Sure enough, once Cameron and Moore do the big trade, Moore spends the movie tripping

over his own feet and doing somersaults over the furniture.

Cameron is the only one saddled with the enormous responsibility of "acting" and the movie basically belongs to him. His change from a strangely outcast high schooler (strange because his father is rich, he mouses his hair and dresses like a GQ doll) to high school sophisticate with his father's lunar IQ is hilarious.

The writer? He should have the keys of his typewriter individually replaced by killer leeches from hell. As he writes he is gradually drained of his precious fluids. I thought of other tortures while I watched this mess of a screenplay being transformed into

valuable film stock, going lickety-split onto the take-up reel. Videotape for episodes of "Perfect Strangers" is far cheaper and that is where this screenplay belonged — in all its semi-plagiarized glory.

A few tolerable moments simply do not make up for all the vacuousness in "Like Father, Like Son." If there was a cheap joke, cheap moralism or cheap sight-gag that this plot even brought to mind, the filmmakers used it, indiscriminately. This is where the thin line between nutty escapism and broad-side-of-a-barn inanity break down. Now you know. Thank the filmmakers, not me.